

Rumblings from the Mountain:

Prison, Solidarity and Struggle



**North America
2019**

Rumblings from the Mountain: Prison, Solidarity and Struggle

This zine is a collective and solidarity effort carried out by different folks who have accompanied Miguel in the struggle to tear down the prison walls.

All of the artwork in the zine was produced during different solidarity art campaigns in support of the struggle for Miguel's freedom.

North America 2019
English Version 1.1



**For the death of carceral society.
Fire to the prisons.**

The complete or partial reproduction of this text is encouraged.

Profiting off of prison in any way is fully despised.

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Introduction to the English Version

The cage that holds Indigenous anarchist prisoner Miguel Peralta in Cuicatlán, Oaxaca, where most of the words on the following pages emanated from, is likely a point geographically distant from where you are currently taking them in. Yet, nonetheless, they have traversed prison walls, 50-year sentences, corrupt public officials, colonial languages and borders; in the process rejecting silence and surrender and proclaiming an uncompromising, yet strikingly personal and human, struggle for liberation and autonomy.

Joining them come words of resistance, distinct but similar, from other sites, other cells, where the capitalist, colonial and carceral state has sought to entomb and muzzle those who refuse submission. Lastly, mixed in are words from the outside, of solidarity, agitation, accompaniment, of resistance to oblivion.

We see the translating and editing of this zine in English as a natural extension of the latter. For despite any difference in location or context, the words that flower from the hearts of Miguel and the other compañerxs throughout these pages nourish the seeds we carry in our own. Those that bloom with outrage at injustice, with fire for the destruction of prison society, with desire for freedom, and with commitment to the anti-authoritarian struggle for collective self-determination.

It is our hope that their resonance finds a place in your heart as well. That the echoes of solidarity that reciprocally rebound between inhabitants of prison cells in Chiapas, Oaxaca, and Sonora, and are reinforced by the chorus of cries from the streets of San Cristóbal to Eloxochitlán to Mexico City, vibrate within you, too. For no matter the distance between us, the connection between compañerxs needs no mediation beyond our shared principles of solidarity and mutual aid. As our enemies endlessly seek to cloak their oppressive institutions with a veil of legitimacy, our recourse and power lie in the rejection of their façade and the collective embrace of solidarity.

May that embrace be the spark that sets fire to the carceral state and the myriad of cages it seeks to keep us chained in. Freedom for Miguel Peralta, freedom for all prisoners. For the destruction of all forms of domination, coercion and repression.

The editors/translators



Introduction to the Spanish Version

As a solidarity group that has accompanied Miguel Peralta throughout his imprisonment, we have continually been involved in the distribution of anti-carceral material. Some time ago, the idea came about to make a second zine, compiling texts we consider important in helping us see the absurdity and misery of prison reality. These texts are descriptions, histories and metaphors that, while derived from personal experience, are commonly shared among many other imprisoned compañerxs. The overall idea was to reaffirm our anti-carceral position in its totality, against whatever prison, in whatever space and time.

The zine you have in your hands follows the second edition of *Community Struggle and Political Repression in Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón: The Case of Miguel Peralta*—the first zine we compiled to help shine a light on the case of Indigenous anarchist political prisoner Miguel Peralta and the autonomous struggle of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón, Oaxaca. This material is the work of many. With it, we want to share experiences of prisoner solidarity and accompaniment. Furthermore, with Miguel’s texts, we want to share his political perspectives, reflections, and discussions, along with his poetry, personality and emotions, from inside the prison walls.

Rumblings from the Mountain contains writings reminding us that while Miguel is an anarchist Mazateco prisoner in struggle, he is also our compañero and friend. In addition to being a prisoner, our compa is someone who loves, shits and laughs; who is pissed off with rage and hunger; who gets sick and distressed; who dreams and gets excited; who gets gloomy, who hopes; who is alive and has feelings. These things might seem obvious to some, yet they are sometimes erased in the vague and rhetorical concept of a “political prisoner.”

This zine is an attempt to not forget that the personal is political, that emotions are powerful and that solidarity is constructed together with prisoners in everyday practice. As a solidarity group, we reaffirm that in spite of all the attempts by the

prison institutions to break our compas, the ties that are woven through solidarity serve to destroy the prison walls that hold our compañerxs hostage. From anti-carceral struggle, we believe that solidarity flows along slopes and that the pathways for freedom are always constructed together with our imprisoned compañerxs, never without them. Fundamental to this solidarity is getting to know them, to know how and who they are, to try to understand them, rather than victimize them or rob them of their voice.

We don't feel the same every day nor do we have the same energy to continue the struggle. However, we believe in these anti-authoritarian, reciprocal, and anarchistic social relations. Thus, despite moments of despair and exhaustion, we have continually sought to sustain the links and communication that we have built among us.

In this zine you will find, among other things, Miguel's poetry, emotional processes, statements, writings and/or collective denunciations. Furthermore, there are texts from other imprisoned compas or ex-prisoners, showing the consequences of confinement but also the networks of solidarity generated through organization and struggle. Finally, *Rumblings from the Mountain* is the result of a collective solidarity effort, committed to the struggle to demolish all prisons and all forms of confinement.



Who is Miguel Peralta?

Miguel Peralta is an Indigenous Mazateco from the community of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón in the Mexican state of Oaxaca. For years he participated as a member of the community assembly, the main collective decision-making body in his community. He studied anthropology at the National School of Anthropology and History in Mexico City, but due to a conflict in his community, he had to return home and abandon his studies. The conflict began in 2010, when a family of caciques (local political bosses), using coercion, repression and imprisonment, facilitated the introduction of political parties into the community in order to undermine the authority and autonomy of the community assembly. As a result, this family was able to take over government positions and reap the economic benefits of their power. This unleashed a very serious conflict in the community.

The Conflict:

In Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón, similar to many Indigenous communities throughout Mexico, decisions impacting the life of the community are made collectively by the men and women of the community assembly, a traditional form of communal organization long predating political parties and elections. Both political parties and the state view these community assemblies as impediments to the expansion of their authority and power and, as in Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón and numerous other communities, have sought to subvert or coopt assemblies through the use of local caciques. This most often occurs to facilitate the entry of energy and extractive companies into communities whose assemblies previously rejected their presence. With cacique-led political parties in control, these companies are then given free rein to loot the communities' resources, contaminate their waters and air, and destroy their lands. In the face of these threats, community organization is thus a necessary form of self-defense for Indigenous peoples in order to preserve their territory, language, traditions, and lives.

Those Responsible:

In the case of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón, the Zepeda family is the local cacique group responsible for the conflict. Hungry for power, they made pacts with political parties and employed paramilitary groups to dismantle the community assembly in order to rule, rob and repress the population. Through a variety of strategies, the Zepeda family has not only taken hold of political power—including the courts—but has also seized the community's natural resources and controls government resources that are supposed to be delivered to the people of the community.

In 2016, Elisa Zepeda imposed herself as mayor of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón—just as her father, Manuel Zepeda, did years before. She is now a representative in the State Congress of Oaxaca with the political party MORENA – the same party as Mexico's president, Andrés Manuel López Obrador - making use of her alliances with powerful groups in order to serve her and her family's political and economic interests.

Imprisonment:

Since April 30, 2015, Miguel Peralta has been in prison. He is currently being held behind prison walls in Cuicatlán, Oaxaca, where his case has seen countless legal violations that have hindered his defense.

Miguel, along with seven other prisoners from Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón, was accused of murder by the Zepeda cacique government. In December 2014, the Zepeda family organized and carried out an armed attack on the community assembly as it was gathering to elect its traditional authorities. In the ensuing violence, one of the perpetrators of the attack died. After a case that lasted more than three years, Miguel was sentenced to fifty years in prison in October 2018. His legal team is currently appealing his sentence, a process that, like the rest of his case, has been filled with irregularities.

Political parties and the officials that serve in their names are the enemies of the people and communities. They are obstacles to freedom and self-determination. They are responsible for the

plundering of resources, the devastation of territories, and the exploitation and subjugation of the people. Regardless of their professed ideologies or policies, the PRI, PAN, PRD, MORENA, and all other political parties in Mexico are equally complicit in perpetuating this system, seeking to convince us that we need someone from above to rule and represent us. Freedom will never come from those who seek to rule over us. Freedom will be achieved by the self-organization and struggle of the people themselves.

Free Miguel Peralta!

For more information:

Facebook: Miguel Peralta Libre

solidaridadelox@gmail.com



Poem for Gudelia

This poem was written by Miguel for his grandmother, Gudelia, who practiced traditional medicine in the community of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón, Oaxaca.

Ohhh you'll see
the mushrooms my darling
Fpiu fpiu pfiu are god
in the flesh...

Gudelia:

Little mystic star
Weaver of the ritual of illusion
You sowed life
You flavored reason
You harvested magic.

Your light feet,
Floated on the foam of the water.
The plants of the world guided your path
On the trail, you stopped to greet the wisdom
Now your little hands caress the underworld.

With the perfume of the Saint Peter Tree
You protected the sacred night
With the Virgin's Mantle Plant
You sheltered the memory of our grandparents,
You sang to the treetops,
And you talked to the animals.

You fed us by teaspoon with your smile
Your gourd of love was never empty.

Tireless guide of the voyage through the universe
You listened to the rhythm of silence.
Now your memory

Harvests flowers
And the wind continues to pollinate your charm.

Lit is
The light of your heart and your candle wax
Forever compañera...

Miguel Peralta

August 2017



Physical and Emotional Changes During Imprisonment

During my arrest, one of the first things I suffered was a beating from the police, leaving me with a fractured wrist. As a result of my imprisonment, this fracture was never attended to, causing limited mobility in my hand. This affects me when I engage in activities such as sports, but above all while I'm working, when I am weaving.

When I was on the outside, I was rarely sick. Now, I have developed sinusitis, gastritis and migraines. I think these illnesses have increased due to the weather that is hot and humid, along with the stress, worry and anxiety. These are feelings I didn't experience before I was imprisoned. I am already suffering respiratory illnesses and the carceral system rarely provides us with medical attention. It is my family or the compas that accompany me, who bring me medicine to try to alleviate these sicknesses. This situation has forced me to consume medicine because they do not allow us to treat ourselves with the traditional medicine of our people. The truth is, I am not accustomed to taking these other medicines. To say the least, I have not been able to receive medicinal plants to treat myself or take remedies that I could have taken on the outside. This has caused a rupture in my identity.

We are limited in our capacity to freely develop ourselves. For example, the manner in which we dress. I miss the diversity of colors, the use of a beany and growing my beard long. The prison situation does not allow me to feel like an individual.

It seems strange and incongruent, that the consumption of food, something that previously generated so much pleasure in me when I was free, now makes me bitter and puts me in a bad mood to hear the call for "chow."

I have changed my sleeping habits. Now I can't do it with that peacefulness that I did on the outside. Before, I slept six hours, accompanied by my partner. Now I sleep three or four hours with

five compañeros in the cell.

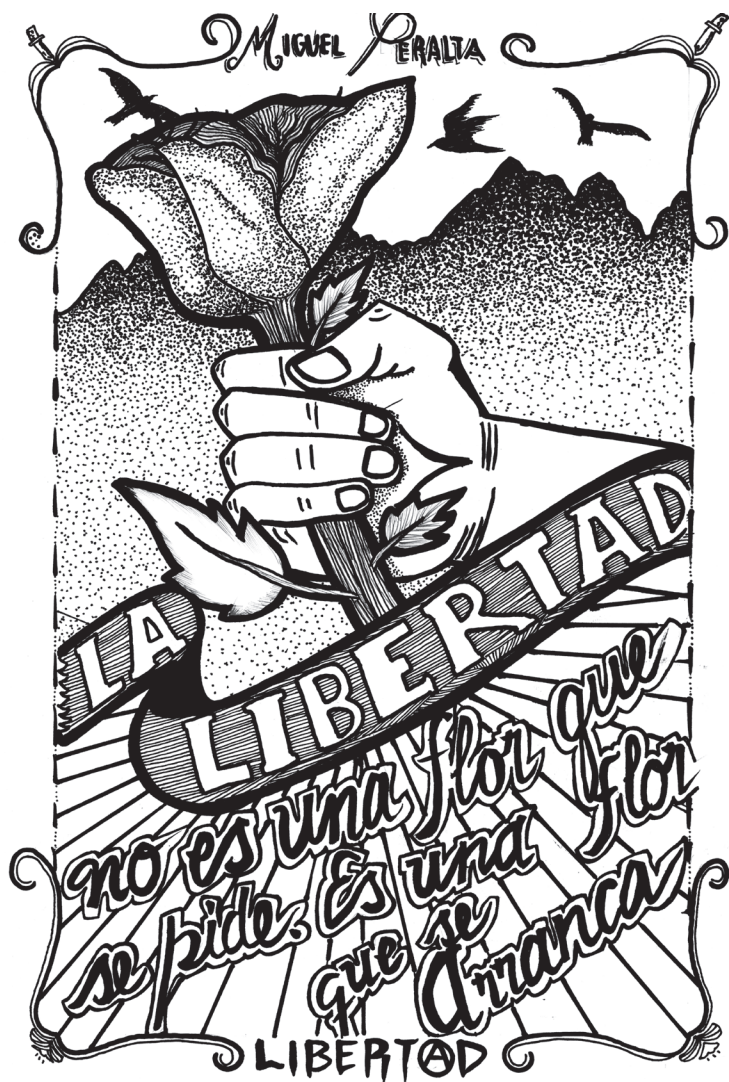
I am almost delirious from listening to the jingling of keys and the stomping of boots that close and open the doors and locks. Those noises don't give me tranquility and even less familiarity. I miss lighting a joint, putting on the music that I like, putting my feet on the earth, smelling the earth and smoking. I miss walking in the rain and seeing the fog, feeling the mountain climate and its sounds. Sounds of the birds, of the river, of the corn and coffee mill. Touching the plants, harvesting corn and coffee, touching the earth, the water, eating fruit, dancing.

So much surveillance and security has paradoxically made me insecure in different ways. For example, in things related to the exchange of work, in acquiring objects for personal hygiene or in affective relations. I have even come to distrust my friends and my compañera, not in political terms, but in relation to feelings and emotions like abandonment. This does not make me feel good and generates in me an internal struggle to try to not get lost in these feelings.

In spite of all this, I try to exercise not only my body but my thoughts and my mind. I do this with my imagination and taking advantage of the times when I get to leave prison for my hearings (although they are only moments that afterwards are taken away from me upon returning to prison). I want to emphasize something which has not suffered damaging consequences from my confinement, nor has it been negatively transformed. I am speaking of my consciousness and my constant struggle to sustain what I believe in, who I am and above all the people that I cherish.

February 2018

Miguel Peralta



Statement from Miguel on June 11: International Day of Solidarity with Long-Term Anarchist Prisoners 2018

Greetings to all of the comrades who receive these sincere words.

It's not easy to say these two vast words: LONG-TERM SENTENCE, when we already know that their justice and carceral systems are worth nothing. The judicial apparatus and the criminals hide their faces behind the scales of justice, they distort and grind out documents in order to imprison compas who struggle against the establishment. They are hungry for flesh.

Similarly, it is difficult to adapt to isolation. We cannot allow ourselves to watch the days, months, and years pass on the calendar, while we endure the humiliation. We must fight the fear that prison generates and the illnesses that we acquire here on a daily basis. We cannot stop searching for alternatives and improvising resistance as if we don't have "the boot to our neck". This is also a difficult task.

Long and enduring resistance could be the answer to these impositions, *long* and enduring struggle. Although it robs us of our energy, I think that our spirit will resist and keep beating like our enraged hearts, longing to walk, FREE!! One day we will manage to snatch back the days and nights that they have robbed from us, compas.

Freedom to the Prisoners!

Down with the Prison Walls!

San Juan Bautista Cuicatlán, Oaxaca



Cascades of Rage

This poem was written by Miguel leading up to his final hearing in September of 2018.

Here the windows are never opened, but the fire
illuminates them from behind.

We find ourselves outside of the world, in the profound
review of the past,

Caressing collective memory, reinventing the essence
of freedom.

Overcome with natural expression,
cascades of rage and impotence gradually engulf
the walls.

Tired of absence, the boot tries to crush our
identity.

What is the Cost of Justice?

On March 15, 2019, six Indigenous prisoners in struggle began a hunger strike in three different prisons in the state of Chiapas, Mexico, demanding their immediate and absolute freedom. In the weeks that followed, other Indigenous prisoners in Chiapas joined the hunger strike. Others who weren't capable of hunger striking due to health or prison conditions, supported the strike with their solidarity from the inside. The hunger strike of the Indigenous prisoners in struggle in Chiapas has brought serious attention to the racist-colonial legal system in Mexico which fills its prisons with Indigenous peoples. This statement was released by the Working Group No Estamos Todxs—a solidarity group who has accompanied the Indigenous prisoners in struggle in Chiapas throughout the duration of their hunger strike.

What is the cost of justice?—What does it cost?

What is a life worth?—To whom does a life concern?

Does justice cost life?

It has been more than eighty days since the beginning of this process of struggle for justice and freedom. Hours, days, weeks and months; a succession of events that have ranged from resistance to exhaustion; from dignity to ignominy; of the commitment to life and freedom, even at the cost of a willingness to surrender life itself in order to achieve it.

What is the cost of justice?—What does it cost?

Can you imagine being imprisoned for fifteen years, fourteen of which you served without being sentenced, having lost your family, not counting on a single peso of income during this time, because the prison has you kidnapped. Then, the justice system asks you for more than 18,000 pesos to be able to access a copy of your legal file, and with that the possibility of legal defense?

This is the case of Adrián Gómez Jiménez who is locked up behind the walls of CERSS No. 5. For 83 days he has been engaged in struggle and on hunger strike; and the private company that manage the court's "copier" in this prison asks him for that amount of money to be able to get his hands on his legal file.

And this is just one of the cases. Can you imagine how much the sum of all the legal files of our compañeros on hunger strike would cost? Who turns justice into a business, who benefits from confinement, at what cost?

For our compañeros, justice has cost them their life's trajectory, their dreams, their expectations for the future they had hoped for, and for which they have given everything and every day, to achieve.

Justice interfered with their lives and gifted them arbitrary detentions, torture, the fabrication of crimes, and long years of imprisonment and brutality. Furthermore, justice gave them total and absolute defenselessness.

Have no doubt, if you are poor, if you are marginalized, if you are of those that are born marked as expendable, justice is not within your reach, much less the reach of your pocket.

The cost of justice is extortion, humiliation, contempt and defenselessness for the same group of people as always: the poor.

What is a life worth?—To whom does a life concern?

Since the beginning of this struggle, our compañeros told us that this would not end with anything other than freedom or the end of their lives. And today, that word and that determination remains intact. The process of deterioration that they have suffered has been severe and at this moment they are entering the period of greatest seriousness and risk to their physical well-being.

The body, as a defense mechanism against the lack of food intake, begins first by consuming the reserve of glucose, then the fat, and with that all of its toxins. That leads to the appearance of different infections in our organism, something that all our

compañeros are already suffering.

The hunger strike begins by damaging the liver and the kidneys. With that, it affects the circulatory system and the brain. In the final phase comes a coma and in the case that it is continued, death is what follows.

In our compañeros current stage, the body has already begun to eat itself. This leads to accelerated weight loss and extreme weakness. Our compañeros have already lost more than 14 kilos in some cases, and the weakness is constant in their daily lives. Their mobility has begun to be affected and this is only the beginning of everything that is coming from this moment on.

From now on, everything is accentuated; immobility, the lungs stop functioning normally, the kidneys and liver are irreparably damaged, the brain has lapses of consciousness, the heart functions with difficulty. The total collapse of the organism will depend on the constitution of the person, but it is only a matter of time.

Can you imagine the despair of their families, of their friends, of their loved ones? Can you imagine what it feels like to see someone arrive at that situation in his or her quest for justice? What does the life of someone cost when they feel they have nothing to lose but their own life? To whom does it matter?

It doesn't matter to the government, no, to those who promised to take care of the situation, not the health nor the lives of our compañeros.

What are they waiting for, for their health to deteriorate to a point of no return, or until they die?

Does justice cost life?

Our compañeros have been very clear in their demands since the beginning of this process of struggle. They want the review of their legal files, investigation into torture, and immediate and unconditional justice and freedom.

They have always been emphatic in asserting that they do not have anything to hide, that they only seek the truth. They seek

the truth not only for them, but also for all of the cases that in these long years of imprisonment they have known first hand. With these cases, they have been able to directly verify that their cases are not isolated ones.

They say and demand through their own process of struggle, a manner of constructing another way of achieving justice, one in which not only they, but also the victims of these crimes can achieve justice. Justice isn't achieved through the fabrication of cases, through the imprisonment of the first person seen and through burying the investigations.

No. These lives are not statistics. They are not numbers, they are not docket numbers, and they are not tools with which the authorities can fill their mouths with the discourse of "efficiency."

They are people with dreams, lives, families, people that we love and that we have to endure that you kidnapped from our side.

No, men of government!

Absolutely no, you men of power!

We are not going to allow anything to happen to our compañeros. We will not allow them to be hurt any more. How far do you intend to go? Doesn't it seem like too much pain already? Too much anger? Too much revenge? Too much sadism? Enough!!!

Put an end once and for all to this nonsense you call justice. They, us, we are not going to surrender, so accept that you will have to govern with the cost of these lives haunting you.

They are not going to stop. We will not stop until we see them free!

Working Group No Estamos Todxs

San Cristóbal de las Casas

June 5, 2019

Statement from Hunger Striking Prisoners in Struggle in Chiapas

This statement was released by Indigenous prisoners in struggle in Chiapas, Mexico. The statement was released after four months of their hunger strike while the state continued to refuse to respond in any meaningful way to the demands of the strike.

To the Public

To the CIG Networks of Support

To the National Indigenous Congress

To the Zapatista Army of National Liberation

To the National and International Sixth

To the Media

To the Non-governmental Human Rights Defenders

To the Network Against Repression and for Solidarity

To the Independent Organizations

To the Indigenous Communities of Mexico and the World

To the People of Mexico and the World

Prisoners in struggle, Adrián Gómez Jimenez and Juan de la Cruz Ruiz, members of the organization, *La Voz de Indígenas en Resistencia*. Germán López Montejo and Abraham López Montejo, members of the organization, *La Voz Verdadera del Amate*. Both organizations adherents to the Sixth Declaration of the Lacandon Jungle of the EZLN being held in Prison #5, San Cristóbal de las Casas, Chiapas, Mexico.

To the compañeras and compañeros, sisters and brothers, to the media, to the networks of support, to the journalists, to the human rights defenders, to all those who have followed our struggle taking place behind these prison walls, our trench of struggle. We send you all a combative greeting.

These are our words from inside of these walls. Our words move

freely. Nobody can stop them. These are our words.

Prisons are designed to kill us slowly.

Prison daily feeds from pure sadness.

Prison is like a fire that burns on the inside.

Prison is like a graveyard that has consumed thousands of prisoners, and several prisoners have already died because the government and the public prosecutor fabricate crimes through torture.

Prison is organized extermination that ends the lives of innocent prisoners.

We are prisoners in struggle, held in CERESO #5, located at kilometer 20 on the San Cristóbal-Ocosingo highway; CERESO #14 “El Amate” located in Cintalapa de Figueroa; CERESO #10 located in Comitán. Due to the anomalies and injustices that prisoners live through and suffer, as members of the organization, *La Voz Verdadera del Amate*, we decided to raise our voices. On March 15 of this year, we threw ourselves into an indefinite hunger strike. The strike was meant to demand the review of testimonies of torture, the review of the irregularities in due process that the incompetent judges did not take into account, and lastly to demand our absolute and immediate freedom.

The three levels of government promised many things during their campaign and the Mexican people voted for them because of those things that they promised. Among their promises was the freedom of political prisoners. Those were pure lies.

As we have seen firsthand from inside this prison, in this dungeon, the government of the State of Chiapas does not care about our lives. This is clear in the lack of response from the government after more than 126 days of a hunger strike. Furthermore, the cruelty of the authorities is clear as they are on vacations with their families and not interested at all in our situation.

The government of Rutilio Escandón Cadenas and his Interior Minister Ismael Brito Mazariegos, only make promises in meetings with our families. In May, when we were on a fast, they

promised to give us our freedom. Those were pure lies. These lies are like psychological torture for us, along with our families and the compañerxs that have accompanied us.

The three levels of government want to see us in coffins. The government wants to see us dead. The hunger strike has already lasted so many days that four strikers are already very sick.

Compañero Adrián Gómez Jiménez, member of the organization, *La Voz de Indígenas en Resistencia*, was taken to the Hospital of Cultures on May 22 with serious infections. Afterwards, his pain intensified when on June 1 he had blood in his urine. He was handcuffed to the stretcher while he had intravenous serum pumped into his arm for a full day and night. That is pure torture in the Hospital of Cultures. They didn't give him water or honey. Today, he has severe pain in his legs, stomach pain, headaches, shortness of breath, sweating and weakness. Furthermore, on July 15, he was notified that his appeal was denied and that his sentence of twenty years remains the same. However, the lawyer Andrés Hernández Díaz did not give him any document stating this decision. The lawyer asked him for his signature for an injunction, which he considers to be a trick, a psychological tactic of intimidation. There is no clear resolution. We denounce these anomalies against him, and the lack of a clear response to his appeal.

Furthermore, on June 29, the compañero Juan de la Cruz Ruíz, member of the organization, *La Voz de Indígenas en Resistencia*, was transferred to the Hospital of Cultures where Adrián Gómez Jiménez was also located. His health was in a very bad state, with stomach pain, diarrhea, vomiting and cramps in his legs. There, he was diagnosed with a salmonella infection. In prison we are given all kinds of garbage. We are thus very sick with fatigue along with stomach pains in the mornings and daily headaches. Lastly, on July 14, Juan was again transferred because he had a stomachache accompanied by a fever. He was diagnosed with a urinary tract infection, something for which all four of us have already been hospitalized. It is clear that the government is not interested in our lives.

As we have said from the beginning, it is better to die in struggle than be enslaved by governments.

The organization, *La Voz Verdadera del Amate* and their member, Germán López Montejó, also took up the hunger strike this past March 15 in CERESO #14 “El Amate”. Afterwards, on May 2, he was transferred to CERESO #5 where he continued on hunger strike. On June 24, he was taken to the infirmary where they gave him a serum and intravenous antibiotics. Later he was given antibiotic pills for an infection and diarrhea that was accompanied by headaches, muscle pain and fatigue. On that date, he was transferred to the Hospital of Cultures for the same infection along with diarrhea and a headache. Now the weakness has worsened. However, the government does not care about our health.

We are willing to die fighting because we do not want to remain kidnapped by the government.

Similarly, Abraham López Montejó, member of the organization, *La Voz Verdadera del Amate*, has had strong stomach pain, headaches, weakness, dizziness. He was also diagnosed with anemia by doctors who came to see him from the outside the prison. He furthermore is suffering from fatigue and vision issues.

The government wants to see us in a coffin. They have no interest in our lives. That is why we’re already sick.

Our struggle is just. No bars will stop us, no governments, no wardens, no directors nor public officials. Nothing and nobody will shut us up. It is better to fight than to eat trash in this prison.

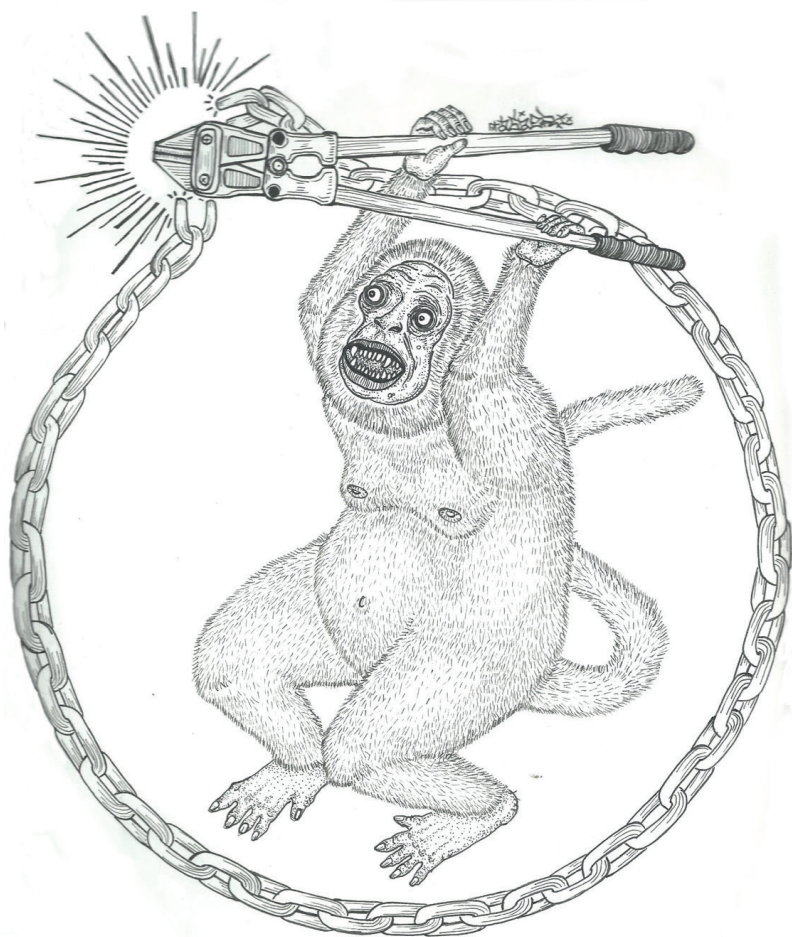
Respectfully,

Organization: *La Voz de Indígenas en Resistencia*

Adrián Gómez Jiménez
Juan de la Cruz Ruíz

Organization: *La Voz Verdadera del Amate*

Abraham López Jiménez
Germán López Montejó



Fast in Solidarity with the Hunger Strike in Chiapas

On March 30, 2019, Miguel Peralta carried out a day-long fast in solidarity with the prisoner hunger strike going on in Chiapas. This statement was released by Miguel Peralta and his partner Mariana on the day of the fast.

Compas:

Having water, vitamins, honey, solidarity and the reason for freedom, we know those are the elements that will keep you strong and firm in this battle. Representatives of the government will say that you are harming your body by not eating food. They will tell you to end the hunger strike. But is it more harm than they do to us? That is the real damage. One can think of complicated moments, when one resists the pressure generated by the system, when they offer us “food” every day and fulfill their protocol of supposed “medical attention.” But we are aware that when the injustices reach their limit, we have no other exit than to utilize our own body as a tool of struggle and resistance. The first days can be difficult or the most complicated because our natural defenses began to react, by reorganizing to protect our body. Solidarity is the food for a striker. The news of the compañerxs that are attentive to our situation, the courage and strength to demand our freedom is what we have. From Cuicatlán, Oaxaca, from behind other walls, we embrace you all. We understand, and we accompany you all in the demands of your hunger strike. To your families and the people that are there with you, we also send our greetings and thanks for being there. It is not easy to see a loved one change from not eating. Even still their presence injects us with strength and courage. Compas, we embrace you and we hope that the strike for freedom will be won.

Down with the prison walls!!

Because this system stinks!!

One does not beg for freedom!!

Courage, much courage!!

Miguel Peralta
Mariana

Hunger for Truth! Strike for Freedom!

Miguel's Declaration of Hunger Strike

On October 19, 2018, Miguel Peralta began a hunger strike to demand the judge of the mixed district court of Huautla de Jiménez, Oaxaca, Juan León Montiel, reach a timely verdict in his case, and that the outcome be his immediate freedom. Miguel released this statement on the day he began the hunger strike.

October 19, 2018

I use my body as a tool of war.

My antibodies will be the weapon for this battle.

Solidarity as a rock, and water as the people's shield,

Will flow through time purging the lies.

Today, without food, I will continue resisting until I overturn the false accusations.

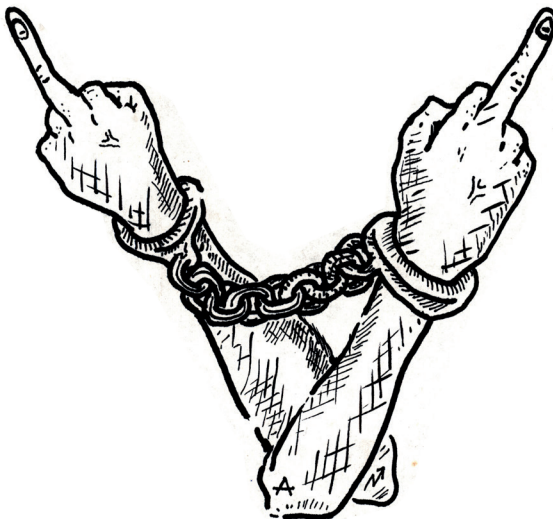
The rage and fire, transgressing borders, will cover my spirit,

Giving it life.

We will not surrender until we recover our freedom.

Down with the prison walls

Miguel Peralta



From Some Place in the Geography of Mexico

This statement was released by various anarchist collectives in solidarity with the call for the freedom of Miguel Peralta in early September of 2018.

Responding to the call for solidarity with those kidnapped by the state, those of consciousness and consequence from the community in struggle for self-determination, Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón, Oaxaca.

And to the compañero, Miguel Peralta Betanzos, for the “representatives” of this corporate prison panoptic society, like the “judge” executioner JUÁN LÉON MONTIEL in charge of assassinating freedom with the complicity of this society and of the inquisitorial institution known as the MIXED DISTRICT COURT of Huautla de Jiménez, Oaxaca.

This is a salute to our compañero Miguel Peralta. It is a shout of support and a fraternal embrace from this slavery disguised as freedom, against his captivity in the “legally instituted” human extermination center called the prison of Cuicatlán, Oaxaca. Those of us who do not forget, we conspire and we shout “WE HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN YOU”. We will not let our thoughts and actions rest until your freedom and the freedom of all prisoners, whether physical or mental, of this absurd society... until the destruction of all policing, judicial and authoritarian structures....

We no longer make demands because we do not believe in this farce called “justice”. Nor do we believe in their fascism called democracy. We believe that Miguel isn’t guilty of any crime...nor that any human being who rises up against power, authoritarianism and dispossession is a criminal...self-defense will never be a crime...neither today or ever... This is not a demand, but a literary composition of hostility against this entire

constitutional, judicial and police structure for his freedom, our freedom and the freedom of everyone. From our individuality and collectivity, from our geographies and our political, economic and social conditions, we join the movement for Miguel's freedom and every anti-carceral movement in the world...Italy, Chile, Costa Rica, Germany, Greece.

We are everywhere, for the freedom of all anarchist prisoners... It is time for Miguel to be walking by our side toward self-determination and freedom.

This September 28, 2018, will be the hearing in which the "ruling" will be "innocence" or guilt... You are not alone and the solidarity will be present...

Freedom for the conscious and committed kidnapped compas from the community assembly of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón.

Freedom for Miguel Peralta Betanzos

The conflict will not diminish, chaos grows with inertia...

In unserem wanderer die feindseligkeit. Ohne Hoffnung die zunkunft sind aschen.

Nel nostro cammino l'ostilità senza speranza

Cenere e il futuro. Ls.lhdeo.526.a1.

Prisoner of Time (An Allegory)

Now is the time?
The time is up.
The time of oppression
Waiting time
Part-time

It is better to speak of time and count with time,
than to let time pass,
Time-air runs out,
Bad times come

Sleep on time
Dream on time
It is necessary to take some time,
to not die with time

Time goes by
Eat on time, don't wait for time
Make time, this will pass
Play with time, travel in time,
but get out on time

Walk on the timeline
Snatch time
All, all of your time,
Think in time,
better yet, forget time
Enjoy time, since time flies
Although...time, is also prolonged.

In past time
Real time dominated
We suffered time
Time made us sick

We occupied time,
Let's make up time
Better times will come
Revolt, you are on time.
Today is the time.

Return the time, but let it be for an indefinite time,
Our time

When time makes sense,
Eternity will not have time,
such that time will die and the time to be free
will sprout again.

Miguel Peralta



Women's Statement Against Institutional Feminism and the Reproduction of Domination

This statement was released in August of 2019 by various women who form part of the solidarity group for the freedom of Miguel Peralta.

Daily, thousands of us women are mistreated, disappeared and assassinated in Mexico. Contemporary society seems to be waking up to this “discovery,” yet it fails to recognize that this constant violence has been overlooked and normalized for years in our homes, streets, beds and our lives in general. Without a doubt, there has been a constant increase in murders, disappearances and mistreatment against us as women. The violence carried out against our bodies has become more visible as a result of certain technologies allowing for the widespread sharing of information. However, macho violence didn't just arrive overnight, nor does it react to changes in government. Rather, it is a process of the concretization of misogyny and the fortification of patriarchy and capitalism.

We—anarchist, antipatriarchal, anticapitalist, anticarceral women—are part of the solidarity and support group for the freedom of Miguel Peralta Betanzos. Miguel is a political prisoner, jailed and sentenced by a cacique group made up of men and women from his community of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón, Oaxaca, who continue exercising power. We find it important to express our outrage with the way in which feminist discourse has been used to reproduce the same power which causes violence against women in the first place. We write to explain why, as human beings socialized as women, we are demanding an end to the abuses of power of a woman, Elisa Zepeda.

When terms like “human rights,” “women's rights,” “feminism,” “gender violence,” are thrown into the air and become the center

of discussion, it creates a rough, tense, and sensitive terrain. Anyone at any time can use these concepts at their convenience, taking them out of context and incorporating them into the language of power, using them in their favor. When the demands that led to the discursive construction of these concepts become institutionalized, they lose their multiple representations and blur their origins grounded in years of struggle. For example, when feminist discourse serves to elevate someone into public office and climb the structure of power—thereby maintaining control over other women and other freedoms—it is a contradiction in itself.

Circumstances such as these have forced us to begin a critical reflection on the political uses of certain discourses that people, women specifically, who designate themselves as human rights defenders, then as defenders of women's rights, utilize to benefit themselves while reproducing and maintaining structures of power between and over other women. How can we continue to be silent, looking the other way, acting as if nothing is happening, while a struggle that has resulted in murders, disappearances, and imprisonment of compañeras is usurped to serve the interests of power? How can we look the other way when some women, from institutional, municipal, state and federal seats of power, render themselves as victims and trivialize the violence that is a daily reality for thousands of women? How can we work with organizations that claim to be defenders of human rights and of women's rights, when those same organizations dedicate themselves to providing cover for repressive women, and exclude and marginalize other women because those women do not offer any economic or political benefit?

Being a woman seems to itself have become a form of validation. More so when a woman is a political figure, boasting of their defense of equality and their defense of feminism. Margaret Thatcher, Elba Ester Gordillo, Michelle Bachelet, Margarita Zavala, Christine Lagarde, Beatriz Paredes, among many others, are women on the side of the state, eating and living off of the domination of the people. We don't believe their reconstructed stories just because they are women. We believe them much less when we see that, in reality, their stories have been used to control, harass and repress an entire community. When the

discourse of “community defender,” “human rights defender,” or “defender of women’s rights” is utilized by women that have lied and have enriched themselves at the expense of others, the discourse fails. It staggers, it doesn’t fit, it can’t support itself no matter how many newspaper articles, conferences, magazine articles, videos or publications they pay for to reproduce that image. Only one piece needs to be removed to make the dominos fall and the true faces behind the masks are revealed. We ask ourselves, upon seeing their repressive and violent faces, what will the government institutions, social organizations, media outlets, collectives and different individuals who gave life to these lies - and benefited from them as well - do?

Such is the case of Elisa Zepeda, a member of the previously mentioned cacique family, currently a state representative of MORENA for the district of Teotitlán de Flores Magón, Oaxaca. In December 2014, she began declaring herself a “community defender”, “defender of women’s rights” and/or “human rights defender.” These were titles that the people of Eloxochitlán heard about from the mass media. Her history in the municipality has been exactly the opposite. She paints herself as a woman that never had a public position in the community. However, if we look at the municipal archives, we can see that since 2007 she has had different positions. Nor is she the first or only woman who has held a public position in the municipality. After clashes that occurred on December 14, 2014, when the Zepeda family and its followers attacked the community assembly of Eloxochitlán when they were meeting to elect their traditional authorities, Elisa inverted the events of that day and began a campaign to position herself as a “victim” of machismo in the community. From then on, she presented herself as human rights defender, as an activist for women’s rights. However, in Eloxochitlán, none of the women, girls, youth, adults or grandmothers recognize her as such. In fact, many of them don’t even know who she is. They have never seen her do community work, nor work as a defender of human rights or women’s rights, because for more than seven years she was exercising power from the municipal government.

Without a doubt, machismo is something that we confront in all contexts, including in the romanticized image of the Indigenous, self-organized or autonomous community. However, Elisa

Zepeda has appropriated this discourse to invalidate, delegitimize and destroy traditional, community and autonomous forms of organization. With the passing of time, the image she constructed of “victim and defender” was polished.

She is not a defender of women’s rights in Eloxochitlán. There, she is only recognized as a member of a cacique family who has acted as an opportunist, abusing her public offices and her economic position. She has done extensive damage, fabricating crimes and inventing a story based on lies to serve her own personal interests and not those of the community. She has also benefited from the support of NGO’s like *Consorcio Para el Diálogo Parlamentario y la Equidad Oaxaca*, who also profit from the discourse of “women’s rights.” The story fabricated by Elisa as some sort of advocate or defender is not one that is held in the common memory of the community. Outside of the community, she can invent stories that serve her interests, but inside of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón, she does not get off so easily. She cannot erase that she, together with her father, mother and other family members, have trampled on, stolen, imprisoned, tortured and even attempted to murder members of the community in order to silence them.

We are angry and full of rage that people guided by manipulation and the thirst for power use the reality we face as women as a political tool to serve their own interests. Under a leftist, democratic, institutional feminist discourse, they strengthen patriarchal capitalism, making possible the existence of these vile beings—women and men—who appropriate diverse struggles that for years have resisted and organized against the state.

We do not believe the story produced by the powerful, which only serves to continually reproduce patriarchy. The sole act of being a woman and growing up in a social system that seeks to strictly bind us to a binary structure does not inherently make us friends or make us close. We know where we are going and we know who our enemies are in this struggle. We thus approach the strategies of power with the distrust that they deserve.

We will not allow these people to continue robbing, usurping and exploiting us, even our language—language derivative of struggles that have nothing to do with the interests of repressive

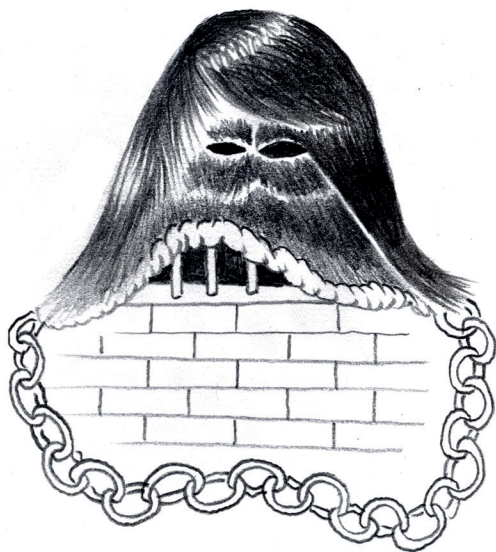
women who are part of the political, economic and social institutions of power.

As anarchist women, we protest against the abuse and lies of the state representative Elisa Zepeda Lagunas and any other woman who perpetuates capitalism, patriarchy, and the state. We make a call to not remain silent in the face of the manipulation of feminisms.

We demand the immediate release of Miguel Peralta Betanzos and all prisoners.

Anarchist women in solidarity with Miguel Peralta Betanzos

August 2019





From Miguel to Eloxochitlán

Miguel wrote this poem for the community assembly of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón in November of 2017. The poem was meant to commemorate the violent act of repression carried out on November 20, 2012, against a bus full of men, women and children from Eloxochitlán who were preparing to leave for Mexico City to celebrate the anniversary of the death of Ricardo Flores Magón.

From this side of the wall,
we scratched the border of memory.
The fixed and distracted gaze flees in
thought.

When we contemplate the rain,
the soul draws a smile in uncertainty,
and the silence cracks the bars of melancholy.
We are exhausted without considering the resources of the
imagination.

We consider it necessary to appeal social punishment.
We redress the moths of injustice of the
penitentiary system.

We stalk and destroy the prison bedbugs
who judge and absorb our dreams every night.

Miguel P.

Misfits

Mountains, coffee fields and springs flowing from the earth,
wild animals from the mountains, numerous trees, masks, little
houses that the wind carries away, paths, flowers; all wrapped up
in the dense fog of nostalgia.

I wake up, the rain intensifies, my wings are heavy but they don't
cease to fly.

My shadow kicks down the doors of the machine, runs through
the fences, scales the control towers, interferes with the radio
signals, crosses the walls, weaves together dreams and inhabits
imaginary borders.

My shadow feeds from the flame of thought, speaks an ancestral
language and refuses domestication. My shadow rebels in the
light of day, getting drunk off of freedom.

My shadow is the shadow of the men from the belly-button of the
world returning to snails.

My shadow breaks the hinges of the state,

And will never, ever be trampled on again.

Miguel P.

November 2016

Action in Solidarity with the Political Prisoners of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón to Celebrate the International Week of Solidarity with Anarchist Prisoners 2018

On August 30, 2018, a group of comrades took the street in front of the transition house of the president-elect of Mexico, Andrés Manuel López Obrador. There, they briefly blocked traffic and showered the police, media and bystanders with flyers denouncing the judicial corruption and state repression being carried out against community members of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón, Oaxaca. The banner blocking the highway read: Freedom to the Prisoners of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón—Week of Solidarity with Anarchist Prisoners. The following communique was released as part of the action.

Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón is a municipality located in the Sierra Mazateca in the state of Oaxaca. The majority of the inhabitants speak Mazateco and the municipality is governed by its internal normative system, or uses and customs of the Indigenous community. Since 2010, political parties have sought to interfere in community life using a variety of strategies. One approach has been working together with the Zepeda Lagunas cacique family who have maintained control in the community since 2010. Eight years have already gone by with this family imposing its power through repression, persecution and incarceration; fabricating crimes against people that have organized to denounce their abuses; and contracting armed men from the surrounding municipalities. They have taken the municipality by force, imposing themselves as municipal authorities, without respecting the decisions

of the community assembly as the main decision-making body in the community. They have enriched themselves by exploiting rock, gravel and sand from the river in the community. This material has been sold by their own businesses to fulfill the needs of supposed “public works” projects in the municipality. They have been accused of torture, damages, dispossession of land, ambushes against community members, and even injuring a journalist. Yet, in spite of previous inquiries and judicial processes, not one member of this family has been punished for these acts. Rather, what has happened, is their power continues to grow in Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón. Total impunity and corruption exist, sustained by the support this family receives from diverse state institutions, political parties, “human rights organizations” and media outlets.

This year’s election was the most recent example, when the political party MORENA allowed Elisa Zepeda Lagunas to run as their candidate for local state representative. Elisa is a member of this cacique family who has publicly portrayed herself as a human rights defender. With this discourse, she imposed herself as municipal president in Eloxochitlán, ignoring the traditional forms of organization in the Indigenous community. Months afterwards, she left this position, buying her candidacy for local representative for more than five million pesos. All the while, her father, Manuel Zepeda Lagunas, has been cited by the state audit office of Oaxaca for running up public expense sums for the fiscal year of 2013 that reached 21,000,000 pesos.

As such, today we are here, to denounce MORENA’s accommodation of these types of people, permitting aggression, impunity and corruption to continue in the Mazateca community of Eloxochitlán. We are here to demand the freedom of the seven prisoners of Eloxochitlán

de Flores Magón, accused in December of 2014, by the Zepeda Lagunas family. Thanks to their political and economic power, they have manipulated the judicial process in the Mixed District Court of Huautla de Jiménez, with the case number 02/2015. They have slowed down the “due process” and caused the forced displacement of more than twenty families from the community. This cacique family has converted the struggle to maintain the traditional forms of organization of the community and the respect for community self-determination, into a judicial conflict and a case of ongoing persecution. In the Mazateca community of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón, there is no tranquility or “peace,” but rather the imposition of repression, abuse of power and harassment beneath the command of the Zepeda family.

Immediate freedom to Herminio Monfil, Fernando Gavito, Omar Morales, Miguel Peralta, Jaime Betanzos, Isaias Gallardo and Alfredo Bolaños.

Cease the arrest warrants against members of the community assembly.

October 2

This statement was Miguel's participation in an event in memory of the massacre carried out against a popular movement October 2, 1968 in Tlatelolco, Mexico City.

“Freedom doesn’t exist when the expression of thought is prohibited.”

B. Traven

October 2, to the fallen, to the murdered, to the disappeared, you are not forgotten

October 2, Justice

Greetings to each and every one of you who have taken the time to hear these words. It is also my desire to send you a fraternal embrace wherever you are, be it in your daily resistance against the imposition of everyday life; in the schools, decolonizing knowledge; in the appropriation of space; in the streets making harmony out of noise; in the daily confrontation against the system’s minions; in cybernetic space, injecting and sharing the virus of rebellion; in the fields and communities, cultivating the seed of disobedience; or in your jobs, collectivizing and sharing work, without a boss, of course, and to those who with their silence also fight, though I don’t believe in that.

It’s been very complicated for me to share these words; all of the sudden I imagine how you imagine what it is to be locked up; that everything reeks and tastes of control, but from all this imposition, we try to build in every instant, here and there on the outside, a free space where smiles

sprout again. Certain, hollow-eyed, maladjusted, we go out into the starry nights to walk, leaving our footprints on the wall of adversity.

Thank you for your sincere complicity, compas.

Sending energy to the compañeros prisoners on hunger strike, don't falter.

Down with the prison walls.

October 2, there is much yet to be done.

Miguel



A Life of Rebellion

This is a commemoration (not of memorable dates but to a life filled with rebellion) of all the ungovernable and maladjusted that have battled the state in its purest essence: capitalism, militarism, domination and oppression. Against the industrialization of thought, whatever its forms or modes. Why not also go ahead and say against injustice and coercive justice?

We take brief account of the damages, remembering specifically the comrades that have had their lives snatched up in the cages of human misery. We remember those because their spirits have laid out the pathway toward freedom. Specifically, we remember Ricardo Flores Magón. As Librado Rivera told us in a letter in 1923, where he spoke of the assassination of Magón in the Leavenworth penitentiary:

“If his sudden death deprived him of seeing his cherished ideals of freedom, love and justice, those dreams of happiness didn’t disappear with him; they live as beacons of light illuminating the minds of humanity that suffer from the torture of hunger and misery.”

As we can see, 94 years after his assassination, his ideals still resonate with us. Above all is the quest for justice and the dreams of happiness, walking together with our brothers and sisters that now, everywhere on earth, live incarcerated in penitentiaries, seeking to maintain their wings which others have sought to break. To you all, it must be mentioned, we will not forget you!

Equally, today we remember those that day in and day out

struggle for freedom against confinement. For those, we give these words of remembrance, of memory, shouting, demanding...

Freedom for the political prisoners of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón!

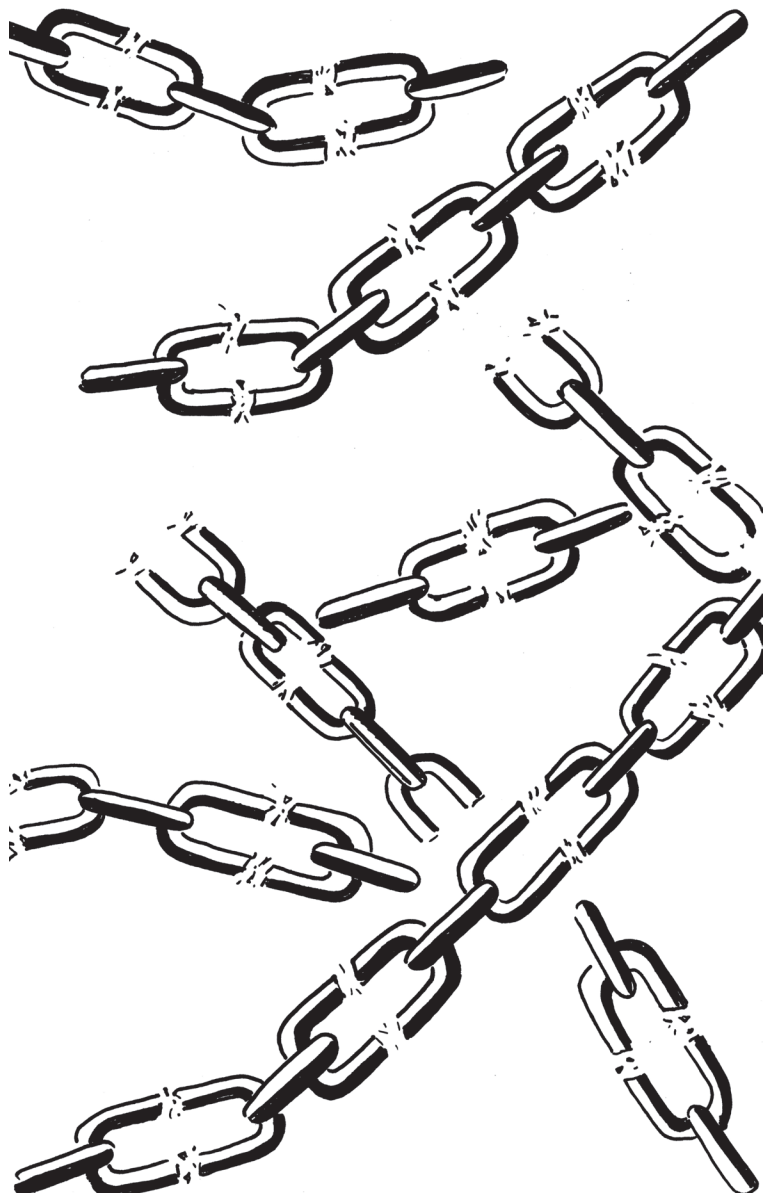
Prisoners to the streets!

Miguel Peralta Betanzos

Prison of San Juan Bautista, Cuicatlán, Oaxaca

11/21/2016





Information on Indigenous Yaqui Land Defender and Political Prisoner, Fidencio Aldama Pérez

This is the text of an audio recorded by Maria del Carmen García Vázquez, partner of Yaqui political prisoner, Fidencio Aldama Pérez, for an anticarceral event organized in Mexico City in early June 2019.

Hi Everyone.

My name is Maria del Carmen García Vázquez. My husband is Fidencio Aldama. He is a political prisoner of the Yaqui Tribe, from the town of Loma de Bácum, Sonora. We, the town of Loma de Bácum, oppose a gas pipeline that the government of the State of Sonora—the government of Claudia Pavlovich Arellano—wants to build.

On October 21, Yaquis from the eight Yaqui towns arrived in our community. These Yaquis receive money and new cars from the government and from the pipeline company, Sempra Energy. These Yaquis came to attack our traditional guard, and to attack our community, as a means to impose their authority and move forward with the gas pipeline project. For unknown reasons, we as Yaquis and as Catholics, we say it is metaphysical; that day October 21st, they arrived and attacked our traditional guard and our community. Unfortunately, in that conflict, Cruz Huitimea Piña was shot and killed. As the result of bad luck, or due to destiny, Fidencio Aldama Pérez was accused of the murder. That day Fidencio Aldama Pérez was working as part of the traditional guard, what they call community security or community police in other Indigenous communities. He had a 45-caliber weapon. Cruz was assassinated with a 22-caliber weapon. You all can see the difference there. Fidencio had a 45-caliber weapon and Cruz was killed with a 22-caliber weapon.

On October 27, 2016, a week after, or six days after, the

prosecutor's office asked our Indigenous authorities for permission to interview or take statements from the people that were there part of the traditional guard the day of the conflict. They asked to speak with Fidencio. At the moment Fidencio got into the automobile, darkness took over. They took Fidencio, alongside the compañera, Anabella Carlon, and a lawyer named Merardo, to Obregon. There he was taken to the attorney general's office, where they made him sign papers and where he was given an arrest warrant. At that moment, Fidencio said he wondered why his arrest warrant wasn't given to him in front of the traditional guard, in front of the traditional authorities and the people of the community. He asked why he had to sign the papers. The investigating state police told him that everything would be fine. He thus signed because he didn't have any other option.

After Fidencio signed the paperwork, he was taken to prison in Ciudad Obregon. Since October 27, he has been there, deprived of his freedom, innocent. After four months, Fidencio had a hearing. There, witnesses were present who said he is guilty. A year later, the trial was held. During the trial, the witnesses they brought forward were people they had paid off. They were the same people who arrived and attacked our town on October 21. They brought these witnesses as a means to keep Fidencio in prison. This would help to pressure the authorities to sign the passage of the gas pipeline. Fidencio was eventually sentenced to fifteen years and six months in prison.

Fidencio remains in prison. His words support and nourish us. He tells us to stay together, to continue fighting for our territory. He says if he has to be there imprisoned, that is not important. What is important is that we continue the struggle. However, there are days that he says to me, when I talk to him or visit him in prison, he says to me that he can't continue there, that he doesn't want to be there. "I want to leave. I want to be with my children. I want to be in my home," he says. I want this all to end, but what can I do. All of this makes me very sad, but I can't do anything.

Right now, the lawyer, David Guadalupe Valenzuela, has submitted an appeal in the Court of Hermosillo, Sonora. They

have three months or ninety days to resolve the appeal. Those three months end in June. Supposedly the lawyer also went to talk with the federal government—with the secretary of government—because there was the possibility of the Senator Nestora Salgado helping release political prisoners. However, it turned out that the case of Fidencio is in the hands of the Ministry of Interior Affairs. They have the case of Fidencio.

Just yesterday, the lawyer, David Guadalupe Vanzuela, sent me a message saying that the president's office was going to take a look at Fidencio's case. The president's office has solicited all of the paperwork related to the case of Fidencio saying they were going to give priority to the case. We don't know how honest that is.

I only ask those that listen to this audio, that you help me to get Fidencio free. If you can share this audio, or if you can help us with this struggle, I would be so grateful.

His children need a father. The pain is so powerful that sometimes it is impossible to endure. Either way, we are here and we continue the struggle. Thank you all for the support and hopefully you can share this audio to help free Fidencio Aldama. I send you all greetings and blessings.



Statement from Miguel Following his Sentencing

On October 26, 2018, after nearly four years of imprisonment without a conviction, Miguel Peralta was convicted and sentenced to fifty years in prison for two crimes he did not commit. Miguel released the following statement a few months after he received his sentence.

It has been three months since I was sentenced to fifty years in prison by the nefarious judge, Juan León Montiel, of the district court of Huautla de Jiménez, Oaxaca. Last week we received the appeal case number 08/2019, filed in the Third Criminal Chamber of the Supreme Court of Oaxaca. However, the court has not agreed to a date for the “celebration” of the hearing, because of errors committed in the presentation of the appeal pleadings. The original case number 02/2015 was sent incomplete to the court, as “it was necessary” for Judge Juan León to notify Elisa and Manuel Zepeda of the sentence. These very people are the ones pulling the strings of the legal system like a puppet to maintain our imprisonment.

I am fully aware that our imprisonment and isolation are part of the actions, omissions, political and legal ruses that have been intentionally executed by the representatives of “justice.” This has been done through the puppets that work in the Supreme Court and the Mixed District Court at the instruction and desire of the Head of the Commission of Justice of the Local Congress of Oaxaca to keep us cut off from our community. That is to say, the Local Representative for Morena, Elisa Zepeda Lagunas, is directing this theater. She has not stopped lying to the media with paid-for notes in newspapers like the *Imparcial* of Oaxaca, *Noticias Voz e Imagen* of Oaxaca, *El Universal*, *Milenio* and so many others. With sensationalist words and without a true journalistic investigation, they lend themselves to continue covering up this lie and sustaining the farce of a supposed

defender of human rights who has done nothing more than enrich herself and take power. It is thought that the political class is only constituted in urban and semi-urban social spaces, where they can easily slip away into the crowd, but it is not like that. In the small towns, the political class also reproduces itself with the same purpose: seizing territories, imposing governments and always working against self-determination.

It is also true that these tactics of manipulation and farce not only take place at the municipal and state level, but also include any institution organized outside of direct community representation. Through symbolic acts, the recreation of the past, demagogic exaggeration and virtual montage, the incoming government seeks to give itself a good image from its stage. Meanwhile, they fortify militarization in the country, maintaining the military in the streets so they can carry out supposed tasks of “security.” The megaprojects have already been approved despite the environmental impact studies and the rejection from the communities, even if they carry out theatrical consultations that have no other end than to legitimate these projects. Thus, the historic plunder of natural resources will continue, as well as the intellectual appropriation of ancestral knowledge, and the production of toxic wastes that put the lives of the people at risk, causing their displacement.

The international treaties and recommendations are passed through the “arch of triumph.” What is important is that the business sector is at ease. The defense of life, territory, water and our forms of organization are and will continue to be criminalized by whatever type of government that imposes its arrangements seeking to silence us with violence and the use of judicial power. In the new government we do not see clarity either, much less the willingness to free the compañerxs that are incarcerated for defending all of this. The case of the compañerxs of Tlanixco is a prime example. They have already been in state prisons for more than ten years, and they recently have had their trial reinstated, delaying once again their exit from prison. Also, the case of another compañero, Luis Fernando Sotelo, who was recently negated his freedom once again. How can they expect us to not doubt the government and its words, if their actions show us that they will continue trampling on the communities, collectives and

the people that resist?

It doesn't seem just to me that our name is utilized, serving to bolster their political capital. Our imprisonment is the result of us defending our territories, community organization and self-determination. As prisoners, we share the fabrication of crimes that in the majority are structured in the same way, since they were invented by the state, powerful individuals or transnational businesses. Recently, the new government has made reference to the possible freedom for political prisoners through an amnesty law or something like that, something they have neither legislated nor approved. Meanwhile, we continue confronting the deficiencies and negligence of the legal system. Each day we fight battles against the penitentiary system that tries to dehumanize us. We reinvent and reconstruct our identity because the free development of our personality is impossible. We are forced to consume the "food" that they impose on us. They force us to buy uniforms that we abhor. We struggle against the enslavement of our labor. There are consequences of isolation, the limitation of all that pleases us. Looking for a piece of pineapple is a crime only because it can ferment. The jail exhausts us, but in spite of it all, we breathe, we imagine and we continue in struggle. Although the color of the prison depresses us, we continue to resist the limitations of us sharing and being with our family, friends and partners. The conflicts that the prison generates in us, the indifferences and lack of communication in making decisions related to our confinement. The state neither comes nor goes. They try to make us believe that they will resolve our affairs, that is it not necessary to criticize and much less to mobilize. The most isolated and least mobilized are more convenient for them, making it much easier to divide and bring us down.

But we will never be silent. With our words and actions, we will continue until we break down these walls. We think the passivity of the people will not lead us on a good path and that resistance is the only proposal. Finally, no individual or people can be deprived of their means of cultural, social, economic and political resistance. The struggle of the people is not respected. Criminalization continues against those of us who fight, which makes clear that the willingness of the fourth transformation mentioned above, does not exist. Power only changes command,

color, characters, but not its forms nor substance. Although in front of us we have a group of powerful enemies—due to the political and business positions that they hold, backed by state institutions—the solidarity and battles that we will wage will be even stronger, carried out in the streets. They will not be negotiated nor will we ever beg for our freedom because we have the strength to fight for it in each act of the day and every moment of our lives. We are conscious that the crimes that keep us imprisoned were fabricated.

We will continue demanding and struggling so that the legal process isn't delayed any longer. We will continue denouncing the irregularities and obstacles that they put in front of us in each step that we take. We call for the solidarity to continue, acting together in the struggle against the prison system. Nothing will stop us until we snatch from them our freedom!

Miguel Peralta from the prison of Cuicatlán

January 2019



Statement from Los Otros Abogadoz Following Miguel's Sentence

With this statement, we report that there has been little progress in the appeal process in the Criminal Chamber of the Supreme Court of Justice of Oaxaca. As you are aware, on October 26, 2018, Judge Juan León Montiel of the Mixed District Court of Huautla de Jiménez, dictated a sentence against our compañero Miguel Peralta. In response, on Monday, October 29, the legal defense team went to the courthouse to be personally notified of the resolution and to formally present the appeal document and the appointment of lawyers before the court of appeals. However, it wasn't until November 22, 2018, that the judge of Huautla formally accepted the documents.

On December 11, 2018, the court sent the six volumes of the file to the Supreme Court of the State of Oaxaca—the court in charge of resolving the appeal. Then, on January 4th of this year, the corresponding criminal court formally received the file and sent it to the Third Criminal Chamber of the said Supreme Court.

Finally, on January 22, the Third Criminal Chamber emitted an agreement in the case number 08/2019, stating that it had received the file sent by the district court. However, the Third Criminal Chamber refrained from moving forward at that moment, because upon reviewing the file it was realized that Judge Juan León Montiel failed to personally notify ELISA ZEPEDA and MANUEL ZEPEDA of “the duration that the law grants them to appeal the sentence, and did not require them to provide an address to hear and receive notifications in Oaxaca City.”

In sum, the Third Criminal Chamber, “safeguarding the rights of the offended,” ordered the return of the file to the court of Huautla. Within three days, counting from the legal notification, the court must personally notify the said people of their right, and the duration that the law grants them to appeal. After this has occurred, it will send back the file to the Criminal Court for the continuation of the appeal process.

In light of the foregoing, it is important to point out that once again the judge of Huautla, Juan León Montiel, continues managing the conflict, delaying and obstructing the freedom of our compañero. It is clear that with all intention, he omitted to personally notify the caciques, Elisa Zepeda and Manuel Zepeda, of the duration they had to appeal the fifty-year-sentence which benefits their political and economic interests in the first place. That is to say, despite the sentence being dictated as they wanted, they were once again given the opportunity to disagree and appeal the resolution, regardless of the fact that the public prosecutor linked to the court of Huautla (who represents them) was duly notified and had sufficient time to appeal the said resolution if it was considered not to be sufficient. However, he didn't do so. Now the Criminal Chamber has granted them a new duration of time in which they may request that both the sentence and the reparation of damages be increased.

This attitude demonstrates again the omissions made, but above all, the partiality with which the cynical and corrupt judge, Juan León Montiel, has acted during nearly four years that he has delayed the legal process of Miguel.

Three months have already passed since the sentence was given against Miguel. We now ask ourselves, "How much more time we will have to wait so that the Third Criminal Chamber accepts the appeal that we presented and sets the hearing where we will present the legal arguments to bring down this disgrace disguised as "justice?"

Again, the corrupt judge has the legal file in his hands. It is probable that he will try to delay the process once again. With the notification and three working days that were given to him, he will try to convert that into three months to continue fulfilling the orders made by his bosses, the Zepeda Lagunas cacique family.

Once again, we have the opportunity to strengthen the call for solidarity with more force and courage, to tear the freedom of our compañero Miguel Peralta from their clutches.

Los Otros Abogados

January 2019

We Don't Beg for Freedom, Let's Tear Miguel from the Clutches of the State

For three years and nine months our compañero Miguel Peralta has been kidnapped by the state, held captive behind concrete walls and barbed wire fences. For three years and nine months he has had to endure the monotony of prison life, isolated from friends and family, eating the slop that passes as food, waiting in limbo while circus courts, judges and political authorities play games with his future and his freedom.

A new governmental administration has arrived, a new party, a new political slogan, and a new set of promises: "...there will be no more reprisals against anyone, no repressing anyone nor incarcerating anyone." "We will free political prisoners of caciques, authorities or rulers of the old authoritarian regime and cancel accusations against activists and social fighters." The underlying message: sit tight, be patient, the new administration will free your prisoners. There is no need for political resistance or fighting in the streets.

We know this strategy all too well, of demobilization, waiting for their "good faith," and we aren't buying it. We do not believe in their forms nor do we want to engage in them. Governmental power is based in oppression and exploitation. It goes hand in hand with vain tricks and promises, legal and demagogic. We will continue with the process of appealing the 50-year sentence of our compañero. We will continue with social mobilizations and strengthening solidarity. Those are our weapons. We know our compañero is innocent. We know the historical role of leftist governments, to pacify the resistance, to legitimize illegitimate institutions, to play us as fools.

The new López Obrador administration is no different than the political party and cacique interests that got Eloxochitlán into this mess in the first place: make false promises to garner votes, divide the community, pit friends and family against one another, eliminate any movement toward community self-determination and autonomy, concentrate power into the hands of the state.

If the freedom of our *compañero* comes from governmental decree, we will not swallow the pill by believing in their “good faith.” We know his freedom will be the product of social mobilization and solidarity. We aren’t going to sit by idly, seeking not to push the wrong buttons, begging for forgiveness, hoping that the moral force of the new administration brings justice to the situation. We are aware that this supposed “change” seeks to leave everything the same, not to minimally question the structure of the capitalist state that promotes exploitation, the plundering of natural resources, the devastation of territories and legalized militarization.

Even if they “cede” freedom to the *compañerxs* of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón, they will return to their homes and community to encounter *caciques* with more political power. They will leave prison just to enter a larger one in their community. The conflict in Eloxochitlán unfortunately will not end from the command of political power because it is political power itself that created and maintains the conflict. The state wants to be seen as acknowledging unjust abuses, dispossession and imprisonment. Meanwhile, it demands that those engaged in social struggle ask for forgiveness.

López Obrador, Nestora Salgado, Manuel and Elisa Zepeda, you are all the same to us: opportunistic politicians, serving self and state interests against those of community struggles. Political leaders come and go, but our commitment remains the same. Freedom to Miguel Peralta Betanzos! Freedom to the political prisoners of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón! Freedom to all political prisoners! Down with the prison walls and carceral society!

We call on all of our *compañerxs* dedicated to autonomy and self-determination, to the struggle outside of political parties and hierarchical state politics, to join us in this resistance. To our *compañerxs* in Oaxaca, we need you the most, as the pending appeal will take place in the court in your state. To our *compañerxs* from other geographies, we ask that you maintain attentive to the case, to any calls put forth for mobilizations. Most importantly, we ask that you act in solidarity according to your capabilities and desires. The freedom of our *compañero*

will be achieved in the streets. That is where you will find us.

Friends and Family of Miguel Peralta

January 2018



Only Rage

A few months ago, when Miguel reached his third year in prison, there were people who said: “Three years already, that time has blown by.” Listening to the echo of those words, we kept thinking about time, and how different it can be depending on what side of the prison walls someone is on, or where one is at. For us, those three years passed by slowly, in dribs and drabs. I remember having mocked those words with Miguel’s partner, a little joke, a little reproach...who thinks they can say such a thing when it’s not them there behind prison walls, giving their body...

We stopped to think about the burden of time, the weight of even naming it and obviously how different it is for Miguel. It’s not a novelty that prisoners always write about time and how they experience time behind bars.

Now, more than three years of comings and goings, of presences and absences, of many activities, shared smiles, unearthed forces and a number of shared sentiments, we have received the news of the fifty-year sentence handed down against Miguel. Although my hopes were more or less hidden and repressed by our lack of trust and abomination of the judicial system, I don’t think anybody can say that we were prepared for this.

Not Miguel, not us, not anybody. Could anybody presume this?

I am accustomed to thinking about what I’m going to do in the following hours of the day, in how I will solve each problem little by little, food, money, my well-being. And when I hear or speak of fifty years, my mind becomes completely hindered. My first reactions were only to remain astonished and...catatonic. What the fuck can someone say in the face of that? It is fifty years! It is not even the time that I intend to live and I’ve already lived through half of it. It is the age of my father, an inconceivable amount of time at the margins of my own future that simply clings on so as not to appear.

I think of Miguel a lot, to go on a hunger strike just to be given a

fucking sentence. That is more than an act of resistance. I think in the uncertainty of refusing to eat every day without knowing when that mistimed and slow death will come in prison; in the opening and closing of the bars one behind the other, and in many other things. Simply, I wouldn't like to talk with Miguel right now, because I wouldn't be able to prevent my stupid face and my inevitable crying. What do I say to him? This system is shit; so are its laws, its orders, etc. What can I say that he doesn't already know...? I wonder what the others think of this? I feel incapable of a sincere smile and I ask myself for how long do bodies last in the face of this?

The years of prison of the thousands of companerxs before us comes to mind, of the beloved Gabriel Pombo, Tarrío, Mumia, Camenish and countless other people who either died there or were able to free themselves after more than two decades. I think that the state never forgets. Those who achieve their freedom, are continually persecuted and observed. I think in the many persecuted compañerxs that after more than twenty years in hiding, with different identities and different lives, are one day detained and brought to prison. Oh no, the state never forgets! Lesson learned. Don't you forget it either.

I don't feel anything but hate and anger, which cannot be hidden by my feelings of frustration and sadness. I feel courage imagining the fucking smile on the face of the judges, on that fucking judge of Huautla that surely received a lot of money to give that sentence, or who didn't receive the money and thus condemned a person to live fifty years in prison. It fills me with rage to think of all of the people of the "left" who for years have maintained quiet and thus complicit in this conflict. All the criticism against us comes to mind: "they are supporting the PRI"; "it is a conflict of machos"; "I don't see the hands of the state there"; etc. Well OK. Miguel was sentenced to fifty years. Do you see the state now?

The conflict in Eloxochitlán engulfs us. It has put in check a series of understandings and accommodations related to our urban contexts and our anarchist perspectives. It has moved us away from people we thought were compañerxs and it has brought us closer to thousands that we don't know face to face, but we feel

them close in our hearts. With the rage of knowing a compañero condemned in prison, I think in escape. I think in pain and death. Then comes the flashes of these indomitable faces that continue on their feet resisting, in spite of it all, in spite of oneself.

I don't know if I'll ever dare to say to Miguel the impotence that I feel. Meanwhile, I will laugh with him when he jokes about his future. And that's how I hang on.

For the destruction of the prisons...



A Modest Agitation, Full of Rage, Against the Fifty-Year Sentence of our Compañero Miguel Peralta

On November 11, 2018, a group of anarchists carried out an act of disruption in the “Anarchists” exhibit in the National Museum of Revolution in Mexico City. The action was an act of solidarity with anarchist political prisoner Miguel Peralta after his recent fifty-year sentence, along with solidarity for the other six political prisoners of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón, Oaxaca who still await sentencing. Furthermore, it was an act of disruption of the institutionalization and commodification of anarchist history in Mexico, into political party discourses and state-run museums and anniversary celebrations.

On October 26, 2018, judge Juan Leon Montiel of the Mixed District Court of Huautla de Jiménez, Oaxaca, handed down a fifty-year sentence against our anarchist compañero, Miguel Peralta. Miguel is a Mazateco prisoner and member of the community assembly of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón. This sentence came after four years of incompetence, irregularities and other obstacles, meant to slow down Miguel’s legal process. These judicial delays are clearly led by the Zepeda cacique family in collusion with this judge and other state authorities. It is evident that Elisa Zepeda—municipal president of Eloxochitlán and now local state representative for MORENA—is behind this resolution, imposed according to her logic of power and terror against the organized community. While six other prisoners of the assembly continue imprisoned without sentence, and dozens of families are displaced and threatened, Elisa Zepeda and her cacique group, in collusion with state power and protected by her political party, make use of the conventional clientelist tools to obtain legal immunity: protection through money, political favors, intimidation, fabrication of crimes, incarceration and dispossession. These clientelist tools accompany the escalation of power led by the current MORENA representative.

On the other hand, the alliance between MORENA and the liberal “citizenship” wing of anarchism is seen as respectable and appropriate. This liberal wing of anarchism seeks to make anarchy an ideology inoffensive to power. They seek to extract the “critical” current from anarchism making it fit perfectly in this so-called “Fourth Transformation.” This new governmental regime seeks to break down radical and revolutionary social struggle, homogenizing social movements into the democratic government. It seeks to distance social struggle from an anarchist rupture, of confrontation and conflict, of direct action and solidarity beyond the written word. We know that it is blood which makes anarchism not simply a static and easily absorbed ideology to be revendedicated in museums, commemorations and official celebrations, but an active revolutionary practice attuned to struggles and resistances, in solidarity with the communities that resist the attacks brought by capital, the state and its caciques.

What would the anarchists from the beginning of the century think now that they are locked in the National Museum of Revolution? What would Práxedes, Librado and Ricardo think of the failed anti-Indigenous, anti-province and anti-worker project of modernity that now waters down their legacy making peace with the new governmental power?

What is happening now in Eloxochitlán backed by the MORENA political party, feeds the ego and power of the cacique Zepeda family. Like their predecessor slave owners, they usurp the legacy of struggle to impose repression on the community that saw the birth of Ricardo Flores Magón, accumulating power and seeking to displace the community of their autonomy. That is to say, their unquestionable capacity for self-determination.

In front of the museum exhibit—a cadaveric image of the institutional revolution—we have decided to rupture this state spectacle of institutional hypocrisy. We have decided to rupture the absorption of indomitable forces into the historicist, paralyzing and collaborationist gaze, to show our solidarity with the struggle for the freedom of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón, for anarchist prisoners generally and against the carceral system in its totality.

We do not want to improve the cages nor the prisons. We do

not want to reform the laws nor strengthen the institutions. We are not even here to demand justice. With this action, we are here to shout our rejection of this lie that seeks to legitimize “radicals” in power. We are here to shout against the usurpation of histories of below; of those that struggle, attack and resist; of the communities that organize against the repressive state; of the individuals who break with the common sense of oppression and decide to take action. We are here in support of the many compañerxs past and present, who flee from the spotlight of power, who would completely despise being converted into dead relics beneath monumental ruin, the panoptic museum of decorated cadavers called the National Museum of Revolution.

Anarchism has nothing to do with something dissected in a museum. Such an exhibition doesn’t give life to anarchism nor confront oppression. Our agitation today is an explicit act of solidarity with compañero, Kevin Garrido, assassinated in Chile a few days ago, inside prison. Also, in memory of the anarchist compañero, Mikhail Zhlobitsky, who attacked the central offices of the secret Russian police, unfortunately dying during the action. We know that his impulse was to reject the global carceral system that represses, manipulates and tortures those who do not submit to the miserable reality imposed by capitalism. Furthermore, a rejection of the state form designed to sustain and protect it. Let this action be a modest reminder that anarchism cannot be reconciled with power or parties, judges or institutions. Thus, we express our disgust and total repudiation of the state’s attempt at citizen pacification.

We wholeheartedly detest the fifty-year sentence handed down against our compañero Miguel Peralta and we will not contain the fury it has generated in us. That is why we have come here and took the time to give back a little to what will never appear in the universities, museums nor anarcho-anniversaries. We struggle for the freedom of our compañerxs, against all power that is sustained by massive and systemic imprisonment. The populist desire does not confuse us. We know that the state is the enemy, its parties and defenders. Although they disguise themselves as human rights defenders, nongovernmental organizations and those inspired by anarchism, their position of power makes transparent our irreducible posture from below

against their authority and for total freedom.

Nobody is free until everyone is free!

While more want to petrify our history, we will be active and more opaque.

Freedom to all anarchist prisoners!

In memory of our compañeros Kevin Garrido and Mikhail Zhlobitsky!

Anarchists in solidarity with the prisoners of the Community Assembly of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón



Participation in Barcelona “Xita Ndaya”

This was Miguel’s participation in an event organized by adherents of the Sixth Declaration of the Lacandon Jungle in Barcelona, Spain, in June of 2016. Miguel connected via telephone during the event to share this poem.

Compas: Your words expressed with sincere thoughts and hearts—words I was read to from a letter—made the prison walls rumble. My spirit was animated. There is sufficient strength to resist. Your solidarity harmonizes our resistance with the melody of accompaniment, and rage expands. These words are for you all and of course for Gabriel who I send a strong embrace. We have learned from your writings and your strength during all those years they had you locked up.

Xita Ndaya

The flashes of light that drip
splinter the bars of the long night
and eclipse the faintheartedness.

On top of the walls, the plough of the prisoners
will furrow with depth
the illusion of freedom.

Our bare feet covered with mud
tread on the time of oppression
demolishing the cages
of human misery.

The little black star gleams life,
and covers our hearts with the shawl of its shadow.
The source of sadness and injustice
that we drink daily

will explode
with the thunder of rebellion.
We will sigh and we will shout
in front of the oasis of joy
and the streets will smell
a subtle and mysterious perfume
like that of orchids.

Miguel



Writing from Miguel After Four Years of Imprisonment

While last night was very slow, I listened to the song of a cricket from afar, in very much a cricket's style, spssss, spssss, spssss. I looked at the fences of the corridor. I walked toward the window. I stealthily followed the sound. I looked to the right and I found the watchtower. Approximately 45 meters away, concrete, aluminum and a little bit of glass. And a henchman always standing there, casting flashes of light with his flashlight. I looked back. I looked forward. The wall imposed its fragile strength, adorned with its finely measured paper streamers, a dose of electricity, and some very white eyes that never let down their gaze, neither day nor night.

A sigh left my bowels. I disengaged for a moment. I continued searching for the sound of the cricket, but now there were two. I saw that one of them was more eager than the other. They were off to the left. One of them did a balancing act on the mesh that divides the security corridor from the wall. The other was climbing the wall very quietly and almost too easily.

Sometimes I am the night that slips away into dreams, converting into the bark of a dog, into the song of the crickets carrying out their balancing act, into a prolonged embrace, into the song of a rooster at dawn. We are the waves that flee into the sea. I am the howl of a wolf burning the night. I am the water that drains down from the hills and occupies the trails. We are the wind that blows at night with the fluttering of the trees, creating the storms.

Message transferred: In the last few years, lies and injustice have become the norm in our community. Frenzy, uneasiness, lack of hope? Although we stumble in the fog, the tender moon is a necessity for our community; a community that suffers from fear but will soon enlighten the night. We roam the hills and mountains to water the flowers of freedom...

Miguel Peralta
April 30, 2019

June 11 Statement: International Day of Solidarity with Long-Term Anarchist Prisoners 2019

The cell where I live is kind of dark. Fragments of light enter from two directions. On one side, there are the shadows of a fence with four vertical bars and four horizontal bars, all of which are not visible. Next to that, another fence can be seen but in the form of blinds, elongated, not very wide. The other side where the light enters is almost the same, but disfigured. The scarce shadows manage to reflect small figures in the shapes of small squares with different shades. Outside, in the corridor, by the window that has 24 bars covering it, is a wall, recently painted with a blue sign that says: RESTRICTED AREA.

And if you lift up your head and look, behind the wall, there are nine young almond trees, aligned, green almost all year. On more than three occasions they have been pruned, which has limited their growth. If one looks further, behind the almond trees there is an old leafy mango tree. In three years, it has only come to bloom once, in the month of January. It has not produced mangos and I do not have the least idea what it needs. Even further, is a very tall coconut palm tree, approximately 25 meters in height. Its fruits are small, you almost can't see them. Further in the distance you can look at the stars, the clouds, freedom and a bit of the universe.

Very little separates us, don't you think? Yet we are far away. You might ask how I can see so much? The cell where I am located is on the upper floor of the prison (hahahaha).

This time of the year, the heat is unbearable. You sweat at every moment. I try to get air by waving an object, a book

or a shirt. Like that the night comes to an end, while I write, trying to remember to dedicate some written lines to the compas that have had long term prison sentences imposed upon them. I remember when I wrote something last year for June 11th, I still had not been sentenced to fifty years in prison. I interpreted time differently. It was like waiting for a bus to travel. I conceived the final court hearing as the correct place, space and time to take back my freedom. But in that moment, it did not happen. I had a hard time imagining, understanding and feeling how the monotonous days, years, and decades in confinement are endured. Then I imagined the compas Da Silva and Sebastián and I asked myself, what have they done to not break down, to be so strong, to endure so much humiliation from the system and its jailers, to endure the ups and downs of the day to day, the loss of loved ones and of compas to which they could not say goodbye. It seems that they only clung on to their thoughts, their actions were derived from this, they believed in what was truly right. While in confinement, they preserved their human dignity and rejected humiliation.

Mumia for example, has always spread so much energy to so many compas, both inside and outside the prison. He has not allowed anxiety, sadness, injustice and the machine itself to erase the smiles of rage that come from his resistance.

Another idea that I want to share with you all is the implications of taking a political position inside prison. On the outside for example, it is easy to manifest an idea or thought and publish something on social networks. The question, I think, is how do we transform the raw material into action. Trying to be anarchists while being locked up is very difficult. We know beforehand that we will come up against the rules, the authoritarianism, the imposition

of certain behaviors. Because we navigate against the current, we are stigmatized in their attempts to align and individualize us at all times.

On the other hand, there are clear warning shots from the judicial system. The legal processes will be made as slow as possible, filled with irregularities and delays. The penitentiary system has its delicate arrogance to fuck up the prisoner's daily existence in prison. Sometimes, in the experience of isolation, remaining silent can be a strategy, at least for a certain time. We are limited in our capacities to develop ourselves in a personal and human manner. At all times, little by little, we are trying to free ourselves, the body and the spirit, passing through various emotional stages.

We struggle for water, here on the inside of the prison. Water belongs to everyone, but here it is not sufficient, neither to drink nor for other uses. We struggle against the food that they impose on us, and we struggle in our work, to not depend on the boss. We search to collectivize some of the established processes in the prison. We are against the conditional freedom that people have experienced throughout history. As such, we will continue completing and reconstructing ourselves to be free.

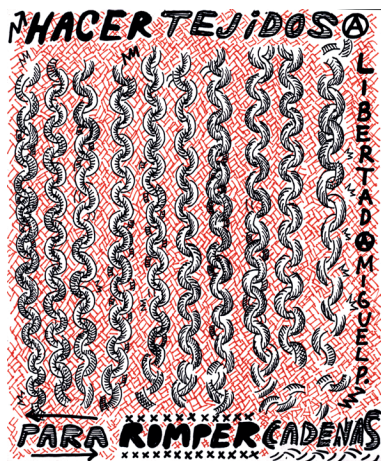
Greetings to all the prisoners, to all the imprisoned
compas that are in confinement.

Prisoners to the street!

San Juan Bautista, Cuicatlán

Artisanal Bags Weaved by Miguel Peralta, Political Prisoner of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón, Oaxaca

All of the bags made by Miguel are the product of collective work that involves the support and solidarity of many people who contribute in different ways to make the process happen. From those who shared their knowledge of how to weave and assemble; those who help by buying material or transporting it to the prison; to those who remove the artisanal goods from behind the prison walls, decorate them, take them from Cuicatlán to their destination and distribute them. By acquiring one of these pieces, being conscious of the collective work that goes into producing and distributing them, you are taking part in the weaving of solidarity that allows Miguel and his family to sustain themselves both economically and emotionally amidst the context of confinement that has been imposed upon them.



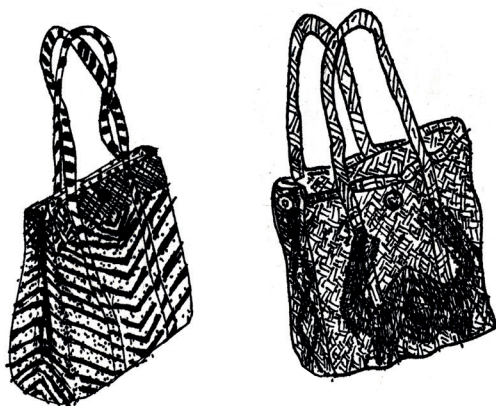
In the prison of Cuicatlán, up until just a few months ago, making these bags meant working for a boss (with all of which that entails) and being accountable to the authorities.

For this reason, Miguel had decided to dedicate himself instead to making hammocks, bags and purses made of thread, allowing him to work for himself. However, some of the prisoners organized and demanded the possibility to work independently of the bosses. This allows a little bit of “flexibility” in the hours in which they work and how they work. Furthermore, they directly receive the products of their labor, without intermediaries and outside of the logic of capitalism and competition...but for a fair and comparable price considering all the work it entails.

The prices of the bags are set according to the model and size. Everything is woven and made by hand. You can choose your own combination of colors and the design that you like the most. As it is not mass production, you can put in your own specific order. It will take several days, according to whether he has the material already in prison or if he has to acquire it...and a couple more days in which to bring the bags from Cuicatlán to Oaxaca, Mexico City, or wherever their final destination is. Just a reminder, if you place an order, you'll have to pay for it.

If you are interested in a specific model that you see in the photos, contact us to arrange the delivery. Health and freedom!

Contact: FB: Miguel Peralta Libre



Incomplete Closing Words

The Mexican prison system, like in many countries across the world, rests at the intersections of capitalism, colonialism and state repression. Prisons are the result of a system that excludes and marginalizes those that don't agree with their structures of power. Prisons serve to maintain control over those that mobilize, organize and protest against this system, whether they be blacks, Indigenous, poor, anarchists, social fighters, etc.; that is, all of the people that don't fit properly into the dominant society.

Thus, prisons are full of people who have had crimes fabricated against them; using torture to obtain declarations; for being indigenous and not having access to translators; for being poor and not having the money to pay for a legal team. Those who have money, buy justice.

These are the realities we find daily in the prisons. The intention of the prison system is clearly to serve a disciplinary example, that punishes, dominates, absorbs and harasses. Those who defend prisons often claim prisons to be functional because they produce a profit for the prison contractors, or from the various forms of work done by the imprisoned populations. Prisons and confinement are wholly dehumanizing, and demonstrate how irrational societies can be. However, mainstream society is not talking about their abolition. On the contrary, with every day that passes, the laws harden, maintaining and giving more power to this institution. The prison system is a fundamental component of the state strategy of repression against communities in resistance that struggle for autonomy and self-organization against the nation-state and capitalism. At every moment, for decades, we have seen compañeras and compañeros that are imprisoned for trying to organize their community, outside of the logic and interests of the Mexican state, defending their territory and resisting the institutions of domination and control.

Prisons are sustained by cacique and business groups, such as is the case of the cacique Zepeda Lagunas family of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón. They have climbed the system of political and economic power, voraciously reproducing the logic of the state against the interests of their own people. For this our companerxs

remain imprisoned. These groups utilize economic resources and political influence to obtain results in their favor.

The prisoners and the persecuted of the community assembly of Eloxochitlán de Flores Magón, of which Miguel is a part, the water defenders of Tlanixco, Fidencio Aldama of the Yaqui Tribe, Álvaro Sebastian of the southern Sierra of Oaxaca, the prisoners of the collectives: *La Voz Verdadera del Amate*, *Vijiketic en Resistencia* and *La Voz de Indígenas en Resistencia* in Chiapas, all Indigenous, are not considered suitable for the smooth functioning of the Mexican capitalist-colonial state. For defending their territory and their communities from these colonial attacks, they have been locked up for many years. At its core, this system is exploitative, racist and classist.

It is no coincidence that they are put in prison with fabricated crimes like homicide or kidnapping—crimes that carry severe penalties. No, the real causes of their harassment and imprisonment are their claims, their denunciations, their struggles, and their opposition to megaprojects in their territories. They raise their voices and barricades demonstrating that we don't agree with capitalist, authoritarian and repressive methods. The compas that they lock up, they resist and continue in struggle, even with all that prison represents.

With this humble gesture, we thank those who have accompanied us in this struggle for the freedom of Miguel and for the freedom of all those who remain in captivity. We understand that the struggle for the freedom of Miguel, is part of a much larger struggle against prison society and the carceral state. In the face of this, our most powerful weapon has been and will continue being solidarity.

And of course, with this zine, we want to recognize the innumerable compañerxs that remain behind prison walls, hostages of the rotten schemes of statesmen and capitalists. We know that for you all to be free, for all of us to be free, capitalism, colonialism and the state have to die. We are with you in solidarity and struggle.

For a world without capitalism, colonialism, states, courts, prisons and police. For freedom!



